

THE LOUISVILLE DAILY JOURNAL.

State Library

VOLUME XXXIII.

LOUISVILLE JOURNAL
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FRANCIS HENDERSON, & CO.,
JOURNAL OFFICE BUILDING, GREEN STREET,
BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS.—Tuesday, May 19.—
Bridget Nolan, drunk and disorderly conduct. \$100 for two months.

Pat. Maloy, drunk and abusing his family. \$200 for four months.

Mary Kirby, drunk and disorderly conduct. \$100 for three months.

Wm. Fritch, charged with firing a pistol in a public place, and carrying concealed a deadly weapon. \$500 to answer a misdemeanor.

An ordinance warrant was disposed of.

For several days past our neighbors in New Albany have been reaping a rich harvest from the bosom of the Ohio. Some two or three hundred bales of hay were sunk a few days ago, and it is being fished out and spread on the bank, which has the appearance of a meadow. On Saturday a number of industrious women were engaged in turning it "right side up with care." After it basks in the sunshine for a few days it will doubtless be as good as ever. Our Hoosier friends are not the people to allow a good harvest to go unpreserved. This is right—"make hay while the sun shines."

We are happy to learn that the excellent commandant of this post, Col. Mindy, will have a superior brass band attached to his command in this place in a few days. This will be a very valuable accession to the military of our city, and Col. Mindy's wise provision will be heartily appreciated by our citizens. Hereafter we may anticipate upon all public occasions the welcome notes of Hail Columbia, Star Spangled Banner, and other national airs.

Colonel George H. Dobney is now engaged in recruiting a regiment of mounted men for service in Kentucky. He is meeting with great success, and we confidently believe he will succeed. The Danville Tribune says the Colonel was connected with the organization of Camp Dick Robinson, and has lately been with the Twelfth Kentucky Infantry. He is a clever gentleman, a good soldier, and a steaming patriot. All those who desire to rally to the defense of their native State will find in him a good leader.

DISHONORABLY DISMISSED.—H. C. Sweet, late Captain of Company I, One-hundred-and-first Ohio Regiment, arrived in this city on Saturday evening from Nashville, under guard, having been dishonorably dismissed from service for cowardice and imparting important information to the enemy. He will be sent across the "river of death" to-day to join the military career of a "Sweet Captain." There is nothing in a name.

The soldiers in hospital at New Albany were engaged on Saturday in replacing the straw in their ticks, and carried the old straw to the outskirts of the city and heaped it up in one large pile. At about 8 o'clock in the evening they set fire to it, and, as might be expected, the city was brilliantly illuminated, causing great consternation among the good citizens of that burg, until the joke was discovered. We were there, but "did not attend."

The military prison is being improved rapidly, and when the renovation is completed it will be about as clean and comfortable as it is possible for a prison to be. The officers attached to this institution are very efficient, and no efforts are spared on their part to render it a model prison. The supply of water is abundant for bathing purposes, and one of the newest hospitals in the city is attached to it.

Dr. Wm. Postlewait, who lives about ten miles from the city at the Shepherdsville road, was arrested by the military authorities on Saturday, charged with asserting that "the men who fought under the stars and stripes at Murfreesboro were traitors." He is confined in a military prison.

Strawberries have made their debut in our market. They are large and luscious looking. We are informed that the crop is abundant, and in the course of a week or two we expect they will be sold at prices within the range of persons in moderate circumstances.

The fall gives last week by the ladies of Louisville for the suffering poor of Ireland and the same sum of \$275 on all expenses. The money will be forwarded to the Editor of the Boston Pilot, who will see that it reaches its proper destination.

The fire on Saturday night was occasioned by the partial burning of Messrs. Munro & Co.'s agricultural establishment, corner of Eighth and Jefferson streets. The damage was light.

Dr. F. C. McCawley, residing on the Shepherdsville road, was arrested yesterday, and confined in the military prison. He is charged with declaring himself a rebel.

John Glore was arrested on Sunday and confined in the military prison, charged with disloyal conduct.

A CRITIC CRITIZED.—The New York Post says the severest criticisms which Mr. Kinglake visits upon statesmen and soldiers, kings and people, in the pages of his history, are retorted upon him with interest in the last number of the Edinburgh Review. It chides Mr. Kinglake roundly for sins of omission and commission, holding him with a vigor of dictation and a severity of sarcasm which are exceeded only by Mr. Kinglake himself. Refusing to accept statements of events as facts, and utterly neglecting his inferences, the reviewer assails him very much in the same style that he assails Napoleon. "So repugnant to manly and generous feeling is it to vilify the allies who shared England's perils and successes," says the reviewer, that "Mr. Kinglake must have endured all the pangs of wounded delicacy and outraged fellowship, before he could bring himself to write as he has done of those who formed and who maintained, with courage and good faith, the alliance of the French army with the army of Britain." The review also disclaims "all participation in the febrile vanity and feminine irritability which presumes to vindicate the national pretensions of one nation at the expense of another," and then, having unmasked its batteries, proceed to pour hot shot into every section of the book, seeking to overturn alike the historian's record of facts and the deductions he draws. The secret of this violent attack is probably the wounded condition of British vanity. The truly colored picture of the causes and events of the war which Mr. Kinglake draws puts England in the position of a tail to Napoleon's nose, and the idea is not pleasing to the English mind. Napoleon ordered and England obeyed. He pulled the wires from London to St. Petersburg, and back again to Paris, and John Bull made the motions. When the play was finished, this cruelly calm and critical writer of history pulled away the curtain, turned on the lights, and showed the puppets how they had been made to figure, and how the "odor of the fragrant Havana" which had assisted the tumults of the Tuilleries' was over-all perceptible. The history proved to be, in short, a thorough smoking out of shams and a destruction of false pretences. With all the faults of his book, there is one point in which Mr. Kinglake is unmistakably strong—and that is in his exposition of Napoleon's domination over the English before the war, during the campaign of the Crimea, and after it was over. Hence the spleen of the Edinburgh and the bitter sharpness of Mr. Kinglake's English critics, whose self-love has been rudely strucken.

THE MUTUAL FLIGHT OF VICTORIOUS ARMIES. The Washington Chronicle, referring to a report that the struggles at Wilderness and Chancellorsville terminated in the mutual retreat of the opposing commanders, of withdrawing simultaneously from a field which each thought himself too weak to hold, says, "Were this true, it would be a new proof that battles are often decided by accident, and campaigns determined by causes trivial in their nature and wholly beyond military control. It cites as the most notable modern example of a mutual flight from each other's presence of two great armies in the very flush of victory, the battle of Malo Jaroslavets, fought by Napoleon on his return from Moscow, against Doctoroff at the head of the Russian advance, whose mission was to bar the Emperor's way through the rich provinces of Tula and Kaluga, and to force him back upon the wasted lines of the Smolensk road, where he would have to reap in midwinter the ripened harvests of famine and desolation which had been broadcast in the preceding summer.

The Russian did his work with a splendid fury and tenacity. A rapid night march brought him to the village; its steep streets were already filled with Deloz's infantry. Doctoroff instantly dashed at them, and threw them out on the points of his bayonets. In a moment the struggle for the salvation of the French army was commenced by Prince Eugene. The Muscovite set his jaws in unconquerable resolution to hold Napoleon in check, till Koutosoff could come up and overtake him.

The town, placed between a forest on one side and impractical ravines on the other, could not be turned. The cannoneers of the French soon fired the houses. The infantry in dense masses combated hand to hand in the bursting streets and lanes. The town was taken and retained seven times. In the very houses, crackling and smoking, and collapsing with the conflagration, terrible warriors, ignorant of each other's language, plied the universal speech of the bayonet, and cried "To Kaluga and France!" and "To Smolensk and destruction!" It was only at dark, after every day's the swiftest hand-to-hand fighting ever done between the French and Russians, that the canon of Eugene could be got through the streets and placed in battery on the opposite side of the town. Gerard and Campan's divisions of Davout's corps established themselves with difficulty in the woods and ravines on either side. The sun went down. Its descending blaze flashed back from the bayonets of one hundred thousand of Koutosoff's infantry, now arrived on the wooded eminences in the rear of Malo Jaroslavets with seven hundred pieces of cannon. The further advance of the French upon the Kaluga road, without a general battle, was impossible.

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